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THE
UNCERTAINTIES OF TRAVEL.

[FROM THE BOSTON ADVERTISER.]

A PLAIN STATEMENT BY A CERTAIN
TRAVELLER.

(Dr. Bethune)
[Bethune, George Amory]

"Rysdael teaches us to do without the sun." — BLANC.

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DEDICATED

TO THE

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOMERSET CLUB,

IN MEMORY OF HIS BROTHER,

BY A CERTAIN TRAVELLER.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF TRAVEL.

I.

A FEW days ago, July 3, 1878, I agreed with Mr. S. to visit Long Island for woodcock shooting; to start by the Boston and Providence Railroad for New London.

We were bound for a place which I had formerly visited with him, but where I had not been for five or six years. I had also in view a possible visit at the other end of the island, namely, at the Ocean House, where a friend said that on Saturday there was to be a meeting of the proprietors of the new Manhattan Beach Railroad, of which the hotel forms a part of the property. Objecting that I was engaged on another trip, he urged that I could very easily cross the island by railroad, and be in time for the meeting.

On Tuesday morning I made preparation for departure, and found so many things to do that I was fully occupied till 12¼ P. M. We were to leave at one. I sent my man-servant with the baggage forward, while we sat down to lunch. This finished, we walked to the railroad.

On reaching there, neither man nor baggage was to be found. I at once suspected that he had misunderstood me and gone to the wrong railroad. After an interview with the baggage-master, however, I concluded to go on, as he said I could telegraph from New London to have my luggage sent on by the train which was to leave at ten that evening, to arrive at New London at 2 P.M. It was a hot day. The master very kindly gave me a chair in the baggage-car, opened the door, and I seated myself so as to have the full advantage of the air without exposure to cinders. My dog slept at my side; and Mr. S., with his dog and myself, really enjoyed the rapid motion of the fast train. The master took great pains to get me out of my trouble, and at Stonington put me in the hands of the master who relieved him there, and who went on with me to New London. As this man was well acquainted there, he said he could set me all right. Here I parted with Mr. S., who went on in the steamboat while I waited for my baggage, which I telegraphed for to Boston.

In due time we arrived, and the first thing was to secure a sailboat to take me that night across the Sound. At the wharf he found a young man of good appearance, who engaged for \$10 to start at 2 A.M. to carry me twenty-eight miles in the "Hunter," a sloop with one large sail and centre-board, to my destined

port, from which I was to drive a few miles to our terminus. I objected that the charge was rather high, but he said that in winter they charged \$14. To which I replied that I did not wish to go in winter.

We then went to the telegraph office and sent to Boston for my baggage, and to —— for John H., our future landlord, to meet us in a wagon. Then I asked my guide, the baggage-master, for a hotel near the landing and dépôt. He took me to one at hand, which proved clean and comfortable. After introducing me to the clerk the baggage-master left, wishing me good luck.

As it was yet an hour to supper, and quite warm, I thought I would stroll down to the landing and get the breeze. On my arrival there, followed by my dog, I was warned by two friendly young men that all dogs were required to be muzzled; but on informing them that I was a traveller, temporarily stopping at a house only a few rods off, and that I kept the dog close to me, they said, "All right," and I went on.

On arriving at the wharf I seated myself on an upright log, and was comfortably cooling, when a young man approached and suggested my moving if I did not wish to be drawn into the sea, as a steamer was expected in a moment which proposed to use said log to attach a rope to. I immediately rose, a fine steamer sailed in, took off a group of ladies who had

watched my dog with much interest, and I resumed my position on the log.

As the time approached for supper, at 6 P. M., I slowly walked toward the hotel. A few steps up the main street I was suddenly taken aback by the appearance of a very stout, red-faced man, who seized my dog by the collar. I asked him what he intended to do. He said he had orders to shoot all dogs not muzzled. I told him my position, and requested him to shoot my dog at his peril. He then said I should go to Captain Hinckley, and I told him I should be happy to make Captain H.'s acquaintance. By this time a crowd began to gather who took the dog's side; a window overhead opened, and two gentlemen ordered the man to let go the dog, which he reluctantly did, disappointed of the expected half-dollar. A supper, at which the hand-maiden announced beefsteak, bluefish, and hash in the same breath, was soon despatched. After a cigar, desiring to go to bed, I suggested my paying my bill then, as the clerk might not be up at 2 A. M. He, however, declined to receive it, as he went beyond me by not going to bed at all.

I slept soundly, and at 2 A. M. was waked by the friendly clerk, and at the landing found Captain Curtis of the "Hunter," who already had my baggage on the boat, and we embarked. We sailed out of harbor with a fine, favorable wind and ebb tide, and at

the end of an hour or so had made nearly a third of our voyage, when, unfortunately, the wind died away, and the remainder of our passage was a succession of calms and light winds.

Daylight appeared, and gradually increased ; the sun rose on a beautiful though somewhat clouded summer day. We were four altogether, including the skipper, a young man his assistant, or first mate, whom he addressed as Bill, Billy, or, in rare cases, Willie, according to his varying mood. The captain proved quite an intelligent man, from Connecticut, of about twenty-three. He had served as seaman on coasting voyages for some years, and now owned the little vessel, and I believe other vessels of the same sort, used only on pleasure trips. He said that in winter he spent the money he saved in summer. After the wind went down we began to feel the force of the tides and currents, which were very various in their direction, often changing in the space of a few rods, at times whirling us round and wholly reversing our course. The only remedy, a large unwieldy oar, was then worked alternately by the master, mate, and the other passenger, a young man employed on a railroad, an enthusiast in blue-fishing, but unfortunate on the present occasion, as we did not see a fish. The captain said we did not go fast enough for blue-fish ; and afterward, when I suggested his putting out the lines,

when we were going at a better rate, he said it was of no use except where there was a current. I asked why. He answered that only in the currents did the blue-fish find the peculiar minnow on which they feed. I asked why this should be. He said that these little fish feed on a small weed or moss which is broken up by the action of the water, and to which small shell-fish and sea-insects are attached. This, perhaps, is an old story, but it was new to me, and accounts for the Sound being so fine ground for that fishing. The other principal fish found in its waters are bass, tautog, mackerel, sword-fish, and some few cod and haddock, but the last less plentiful and smaller than those in Massachusetts Bay. The Spanish mackerel, formerly very rare, is now quite common here; and this fact, with one or two others of the same kind on our own shores, has suggested to me whether possibly our waters are not growing warmer, being now visited by fish formerly belonging to a more southern latitude.

As we approached our port we came in sight of a fleet of menhaden fishermen, each with an open boat attached, which was not rowed, but let out from the schooner by a rope, and when a shoal of fish was seen, carried a few men with their nets to the spot. When the boat is filled it is hauled back to the vessel, emptied into the hold, and let out again. These vessels are

followed by "lighters," which receive the full cargoes of the fishermen and sail a few miles to shore to the wharves of the factories, where the fish are ground up, the oil pressed out, and the remainder packed as fish guano and shipped to all parts of the United States. A steamer also is employed in the business, both as lighter and fisherman. Her high-pressure engine made a noise which we heard at a distance of miles. I asked if this did not frighten the fish. The captain said that, in fishing, she moved slowly, with little noise. Captain C. frequently pointed to large collections of fish, when I could see no change in the appearance of the water. When I inquired how he knew they were there, he said that it was by a reddish reflection, which he could see ten or twelve rods off, but which required a practised eye to detect. When I asked if the immense number taken did not diminish them, he said he thought not, but that they had become more shy and difficult to net. This business amounts to millions. The hands receive \$30 a month and their board.

The young railroad man, disappointed in sport, devoted himself to eating, laying especial emphasis on hard-boiled eggs. This, with the boisterous movement of the boat, soon brought on an attack of sea-sickness, much to the amusement of the mate, who was more hardened. The railroad man, rather

indignantly denying the imputation, insisted that the egg was rotten. The mate hinted that it was all imagination. The railroad man retorted that a rotten egg was a *fact*, and had nothing to do with imagination. On appeal, I decided, after examination, that the reason given was certainly *founded* on fact.

On getting near our harbor, the fleet overtook and passed us. One vessel especially, which outsailed all the rest, sailed directly across our path. Our captain was sure he had the right of way, according to law; but his mate, rather a knowing young man, was of a different opinion. While the discussion was going on we got very close to the larger vessel, and I thought proper to insist, that, whatever our legal rights might be, I would not stand a collision, and the helm was put about. The best wind we had during the day was for the last six or seven miles, and we landed at last after a *run* of sixteen hours for the twenty-eight miles. I was not surprised or disappointed, having had formerly some experience of sailing vessels.

One of the young men took my carpet-bag, and I took my gun-case, heavy with cartridges, to the head of the wharf. I bade them good-by, and engaged a wagon and driver for B., my telegram from New London to John H. to meet me having failed to produce the desired effect. On arrival, after a very

pleasant drive, I inquired of the young man at the house for Mr. S. "Oh! he has just gone back to take the steamer for home. He found there were no woodcock, having himself confirmed the common report by going out alone for three hours this morning, without starting a bird." "Ah! Is John H. at home?" "No, he has gone with him." "Can I have supper?" "Well, you can have tea and toast." I had then been twenty-six hours without food, and this announcement made the cup of bitterness overflow! Luckily, I had no temptation to commit murder, and finally they agreed to give me hot potatoes and cold beef, which, as well as the tea, I found excellent, and went to bed.

EPISODE. — The same autumn following, — namely, November 1, — quail-shooting opened on Long Island.

At 10 P. M., on September 29, I again took the smoking-car on the Boston & Providence Railroad for New London, with my dog. I had been running about town all day, and, after a rather hearty meal at 8 P. M., naturally was a little inclined to dose. By an effort I kept awake, and read from something I had in my pocket as far as Providence. After leaving there, I again tried to read, but fell into a sound sleep. At New London we crossed the ferry, taking about ten minutes. I still slept. When I awoke I asked the conductor when we should reach New London. He said we had left there some time ago. I asked, "Why did you not wake me?" in rather an angry tone. He made no answer. What had I better do? He said he would leave me at the next station. We presently arrived. I put my faithful carpet-bag under my head on the wooden settee, threw my India-rubber coat over me till morning, and slept soundly with my little dog at my side.

At 7 A. M., the next day, I was awakened by the station-master, who told me the first return train was due soon after eight.

I crossed to the freight-house on the other side. The master got water for me in a battered tin-basin, and I had a comfortable ablution. Returning to the passenger-house, I asked a stern-looking matron, who presided over the refreshments, if she could give me a cup of tea and three fried eggs and bread. She replied in the affirmative. I eat a good breakfast, and took the train — about twenty miles — to New London.

On arrival I found that a severe gale made the vessels afraid to venture across the Sound; so at about ten I took the Boston train for New York by New Haven. I arrived safely at New York. I went to the comfortable hotel near the dépôt, and next morning took the cars for B., which I reached at noon in time for the opening shooting, November 1.

II.

ON the following morning I rose at four, walked out, and at about half-past five met my landlord, John H. He said that the birds were very scarce ; that a party of four, at a ground where in a couple of hours on my last visit we had killed twelve or fifteen birds, after hunting all day had got but seven. My old guide, Jim L., an excellent shot, with a fine dog, had been out twice, had only started two, and had killed one bird. This had not a cheerful sound ; but I told him I would not leave things so, but was determined to see for myself. I asked for Jim to go out with me. He said Jim was hard at work at his trade as carpenter, and was building a barn for his uncle, Captain L. “ Oh,” I said, “ his *uncle*,” inwardly vowing to have Jim anyhow. I asked where he lived ; John said about three-quarters of a mile off, and gave me the direction.

I was to turn where four roads met, and, as usual, got off the track, and after walking half a mile inquired my way of a lady at a house near. She

very civilly put me right, and I went back to take a fresh start. After walking a short distance I came upon two men, who stopped. A fine-looking man held out his hand and said he was glad to see me again. It was Jim himself, on his way to the barn. He keenly regretted that he could not go out with me, but said he had two men under him whom he was obliged to look after. I found that Captain L., his uncle, had commanded a vessel burned by the "Alabama," and had been compensated by the commission. I said he must be a very hard-hearted uncle if he would not let his hard-working nephew have one day's sport. Jim laughed, said he would see, and let me know in half an hour. In fifteen minutes a wagon drove up with Jim and his uncle, an open, pleasant-faced man, who of course consented to let his nephew off for the day.

I told John I should want his old horse and wagon while I was there, and we agreed to start after breakfast. The breakfast proved abundant and excellent. John asked what ground I proposed to hunt. I mentioned a spot about two miles off, where I had formerly started a good many birds, and he said *that* was the very place he was going to advise me to attack. We tied our horse in a beautiful wood-path and took the field. We beat the cover for some time without finding anything, but at last found some boring, and I told

Jim I felt certain we should find a few birds before we got back to the wagon. After a while his dog, which was a very fine one, drove out a bird, gave me an open shot, and I knocked it over, much to my friend's delight. Jim afterward got two shots in the thicket, but missed both, and we returned home after having put up about three or four birds. It was now one o'clock, and John said dinner was just ready ; but I had become thoroughly heated by our tramp, and determined to have a surf-bath, about two miles off. Jim took charge of the horse, and my dog and myself encountered the surf. As the ladies and gentlemen had all finished, I had the beach to myself, and was able to take it plain, *puris naturalibus*.

We returned to a *post-mortem* dinner, but with good appetites. In my flask was half a pint of good brandy. John required little persuasion to concoct three glasses of milk punch, *bien frappé*, which Jim and I agreed, in our present state of body, was a drink worthy of the gods, its one fault being that it only went the length of our throats, whereas it should have been prolonged for miles.

After dinner, John said he would join us in our afternoon beat at the same place ; and at 4 P. M. we set out again, with this time three dogs, his being also a beautiful, keen-scented, and very active setter. We enlarged our ground, John and Jim going to the other

side of the road, while I took the same road as in the morning. I soon heard a gun, which I subsequently found to have been Jim's, who killed his bird.

After a while they appeared in front of me and started a woodcock, which flew so directly towards me that John, who had a sure shot, was afraid to fire. I thought at the time that a shadow passed over a tree to my left, but presumed it to be a small bird. When I joined them, however, I strongly suspected this was their bird. They, however, thought he had flown to a wood to the east, where there was much better protection for him, and walked in that direction. I went my own way, watching my dog, who was investigating a hedge on my left. On a sudden the bird sprung from the open pasture on my right from behind, passing and giving me a fair shot. I was so taken by surprise that I shot too quick, and missed. We then quested a long time to find him, but in vain. I believe neither of us got another shot.

The next morning I wished much to go to S., about eight or nine miles to the southwest, where, on my previous visit, I had been carried by a gentleman of New York—in the most luxurious manner of which I had had any experience in shooting—in an elegant barouche with a fine pair of horses, through a charming country to the finest woodcock cover I had ever seen, followed by good sport, as I have before des-

cribed. But John said he was so busy that it was impossible for him to leave; Jim could not go, and I was certain to be sent off the ground by the farmers unless accompanied by some one they knew. He advised the same cover as before. I accordingly started alone at an early hour, while the dew was still wet. After getting off the road, which I soon recovered, I tied at the usual place, hoping to find the birds near the edges of the wood-paths on the morning feed. I had gone perhaps half a mile, when a woodcock sprang in front of me, and crossed the path through an opening of a few yards to the thicket. I threw up my gun as rapidly as I could and fired, rather at the place where I supposed him to be than at the bird. To my surprise I heard a faint thud, and my dog, on entering the cover, which was so thick that it required all my strength to penetrate it, immediately made game, and after going two or three rods made a dead point. I crept by him and picked up the bird. This was the only one I found.

I should perhaps have mentioned that the morning before, after picking some fine low-bush blackberries, we passed over to the domain of Mrs. C.

Mrs. C., an elderly Irishwoman, is the proud owner of a number of acres of swamp and bush, the principal value of which consists in the attraction they afford to woodcock. This being her chief source of

importance, she chose to make us aware of it. As we approached, she remarked that she did not allow the public to shoot on her land. This was announced in rather a dictatorial tone. I immediately recollected having heard the same formula five years ago, uttered in precisely the same tone. When we told her we came from John H.'s she immediately softened, said he was a good man, and that all his friends were welcome. I confirmed her favorable impression by buying four quarts of berries which she had just gathered, for the House, and to-day increased my capital by delighting her boys by swimming my dog in the duck-pond, making him follow the movement of my hand, without disturbing the ducks. As I passed her old house, large and tolerably neat, I could not help admiring the beauty of the site, which commands a splendid view of the harbor, where I saw my old acquaintances, the fishing schooners, pursuing their ceaseless occupation. She met me at the door, and showed me one of her boarders, a fine young girl of twelve or thirteen. She told me she had just got a letter from the city from some one who wished to stay with her for some weeks, and wondered that any one should wish to leave that grand place for her poor old house. I told her that I had rather stay in her house till October than in the finest palace in New York. This, or something else, completely conciliated

her; and, after going through the remainder of her territory without success, I found her again in my neighborhood ready for more conversation.

She informed me that she was born in the north of Ireland, which she left when quite young; that she was a Roman Catholic, though her mother was Protestant, and that she had no feeling against Protestants; that she had often seen snipe in Ireland, and she thought woodcock. I said that their woodcock were one third larger than ours, and asked her if she knew the Marquis of Sligo. She said no, but that she had *heard* of Sligo. I told her that the Marquis had invited a friend of mine to shoot at his place, assuring my friend that if he would come there in November, if he was a good shot, he would insure his killing two dozen a day. At which she expressed her surprise, and I went to the wagon.

Heated by my walk, for it was a warm day, I again longed for a bath in the surf, but I determined to-day to be in time for dinner. When I got back to the hotel, before driving to the sea, thinking I might to-day meet somebody at the beach, and not having a bathing-suit with me, I concluded to use my nightgown instead, and took it with me. It was rather late, and knowing by experience that the old horse, under ordinary circumstances, could not be made to go more than five miles an hour, I resorted to methods which

I have reserved for desperate cases, and finally persuaded him into an indescribable sort of gallop. Just as I had accomplished this feat, a large party appeared at the top of the hill on their return from bathing. I felt a little embarrassed, but time was too precious to lose, and I kept on. As I came near, not wishing to give them my dust, I settled down to a walk. They were too well bred to make any open demonstration, but I thought I noticed a slight astonished smile as I passed. This, however, as in the egg case, may have been imagination.

My dog and myself took the surf as before with equal refreshment. The nightgown, however, as I feared from former experience, proved treacherous. I had no difficulty in getting it on, but, after wetting, it firmly declined to come off. As I wanted my dinner, of course *something* must give way, and I was obliged to sacrifice the nightgown. I had tried the experiment in the month of June in the northern part of the State of New York, where I was fly-fishing, and where I took every morning a bath in the lake before breakfast, twice with the thermometer at 40°. This was the third nightgown, with the same result. I am now having one made on a new principle. I hope it will prove a success.

In the afternoon, after John and myself had consumed the remainder of the brandy in the same form

as on the previous day, I went to the apothecary's opposite to fill my flask, *in case anything should happen*. I was charged seventy-five cents for one-half a pint of Martel brandy, and concluded that the State had made pretty fair profit.

I went then to a place that I knew, four miles south, hoping to find a bird or two. In very favorable-looking ground I hunted an hour or two without seeing a feather. On my return I stopped at the apothecary's opposite to quench my thirst with a glass of soda. A bright-looking young man came along with a gun on his shoulder, and I invited him to join me in one more attempt at a very thick swamp, about three-quarters of a mile to the northeast, where I had formerly found half-a-dozen woodcock. He said he would be very glad to do so, and proved a pleasant companion. He had shot two or three in two previous visits to this place. We however found nothing, and returning after supper I packed up for my journey through the length of the island the next morning.

Before concluding, I wish to say a word about shooting. If the rapid diminution of game continues at the same rate as at present, a woodcock will soon be as great a curiosity as the dodo, and will be in demand for Barnum. The late change in the law in this State, extending the close season to September, was a great

mistake. September is nearly all a moulting month ; the bird is sick and not in good condition, and should *not* be shot.

For the benefit of those who do much walking in hot weather, I feel I ought to allude to the unspeakable comfort of the felt seamless shoe, made by the Merino Shoe Company, 109 Pearl Street, Boston. My twelve to sixteen miles a day were walked as if I had been in slippers on a Turkey carpet. They also serve admirably for bathing slippers.¹

¹ I have since improved on this by substituting India-rubbers, which last perhaps a week ; but as they can be replaced for a dollar it is a good investment. They are *less slippery*. In both cases they should have a piece of *English* silk-rubber tape, at least half an inch wide, rather tight fitting over the *instep*, to keep the slipper from coming off.

III.

I OMITTED to say that at noon, on the last day at the island, I stopped at the telegraph office to leave with the operator a message to the Everett House, in New York, which was not to be sent till 8 P. M., asking if a certain person was there, and requesting an answer. I told him that I would take the answer in the morning with the train, at a little past seven. I also went over with him a map of the road and its connections, published in the "Graphic" of the 3d, which contained in addition a description of the hotel and an engraving of it. I wished to save twenty or thirty miles of travel by making a connection short of New York. He said I could get out at East New York, where the Long Island joins by a branch. The next morning I paid my bill, and also \$10 lent me by my good landlord, by a check on a Boston bank, which he said he could easily negotiate at B ——. I then drove to the dépôt and started. After starting, I opened the envelope containing the reply to my telegram, and read : " ——" is

here at present." It seemed to me curiously worded, but I thought no more of it, and went on. I sat in the baggage-car. with the dog at my feet, and for twenty-five miles enjoyed a ride through a beautiful and thriving country. I was then transferred to another train, and was treated with great civility up to this point, with one exception, which I cannot here describe, but which left on my mind an unfavorable impression of some of the employés. The new conductor advised me to leave my dog with the baggage-master and go into the smoking-car. I went through the handsome Pullman car, which was entirely empty, into two others, which finished the train; found no smoking-car, and returning met the conductor, who said they were putting on a smoking-car, which would be ready in a few minutes. I waited in the baggage-car a little while, and then started again for the smoking-car, passing through the Pullman as before. At the back of this I found a middle-aged gentleman smoking. I asked him if I could smoke there. He said yes, and I lighted my cigar. After a few minutes he said: "Perhaps I should tell you, sir, that you will have to pay fifty cents for smoking here." I said: "In that case I will put out my cigar." He said: "I have no interest in the matter, but thought it right to tell you." I said I was much obliged to him. At this time one of the mulatto servants came in and said:

“There is a smoking-car on the train, sir.” I said I had been through and not found one. “Oh,” said he, “there *will be* a smoking-car attached.” I said: “I come from Massachusetts, where they speak the English language, and the two things are quite different.” In a short time the gentleman said: “I think the car is now attached.” I went on to the back car, and, supposing it was right, sat down in a seat near the middle, which had opposite a seat turned back, making seats for four. On the seat in front lay a small valise, which I supposed some one had hastily put down, intending to return and take another place. There was only one person in the car, — a man. After a few minutes another well-dressed man came in, walked up and looked hard at me. I said: “I beg your pardon; have I got your place?” He said, in rather a sharp tone, “*Yes, sir!*” I then went one or two seats behind, lit my cigar, and looked over some papers in my pocket-book. The conductor came in, seated himself by the last comer, and they seemed on quite intimate terms. In a few minutes the conductor came to my seat, and said: “This is not a smoking-car, sir, and you must put out your cigar;” adding, “don’t you see there are ladies here?” I then saw two women at the further end, who had entered without my observing them. I then said: “Did not you tell me that there was a smoking-car on the train?” To this he returned no answer.

After some time the train stopped, a boy came in and cried out, "Passengers for East New York will take the front car!" Now the front car was a Pullman, where I knew I had no right, and I suspected a trap for another half-dollar. This again, as in the egg case, may have been *imagination*, but as I did not care to settle the question I passed again into the baggage-car and sat down by my dog. The road passed for many miles through an unbroken forest formerly abounding with deer, but which have become so reduced that the legislature, I was told, had prohibited killing them for five years, and had lately renewed the prohibition for another five years. We again stopped; I got out, waited for another train, which was soon made up, again started, and at the end of half an hour found myself at East New York.¹

Here I got out and went into a billiard and refreshment saloon, which seemed to form part of the dépôt, and found there a boy and a lame Irishman. I inquired for the dépôt of the Manhattan Railroad.

¹ A word as to the Long Island Railroad. The track has been put in good order, the cars and other equipments are excellent, the time exact, but the servants such as I have described. I pondered deeply for a reason, and concluded that it must be owing to the absence of competition for most of the distance—about ninety miles. In this idea I was confirmed by a gentleman whom I afterwards met, who had had a long experience in railroads, and was a director in our new enterprise. The island is beautiful, and the trip takes about three hours.

They told me it was two blocks off. I asked if I could get a porter for my baggage. They said they did not know of any, but after a moment the lame Irishman said he could carry it if I would let him make two trips. I said, if he would take the carpet-bag, I would take charge of the gun-case and dog on a chain. After walking about thirty rods over a ground having much the aspect of a ploughed field, I came to the future dépôt, an unfinished shed. At the side was another saloon and billiard room. I asked a bystander if there was any one inside who could inform me as to the new railroad, the tracks of which were then under my eye. He said I could find out within. I went in, and, passing through an anteroom, came to where two men sat playing chequers. One of them, lame and well-dressed, rose at my entrance and bowed courteously. I told him I wished to find out at what time the meeting was to take place at the Ocean House, and how I was to get there. He said the meeting was postponed to the following Wednesday. "Oh!" I said. I then said: "I suppose the best thing for me is to go back to the Jamaica station, and from there go to New York." He answered: "Oh, I can do better for you than that. This is the line which separates East New York and Brooklyn. Take the horse-car through Grand Street, four miles, to the ferry. You will be

shown the horse-car which you are to take on the other side." "But I have a dog, gun-case, and carpet-bag." "Oh, that makes no difference. Take the front seat and you will be all right." This struck me as a little queer, and I told my lame Irishman to stand by me till he saw me off. He readily consented, and said: "The drivers here are good, civil men, but they are hard characters in New York." In a few minutes the car appeared. I beckoned the driver, who stopped, and I got on the front seat with my dog, gun-case, and carpet-bag. The driver, with a large, good-natured face, expressed no surprise, and I paid my five cents. We got into conversation, and he said he was born in New York City. I asked about the new bridge, which I thought might be near. He said he was sorry I had not spoken sooner, as we should have had a good view from an elevation we had just passed. I asked him when it would be finished; he answered, "In about five years." "Five years!" I said; "why, it seems to me that they have already spent five years on it." "Oh, yes, sir; but in New York they hardly ever finish a thing as long as the money lasts. A great many people have to be provided for." I told him I had heard painful rumors of the same kind before, but hoped they were not true. "So it will, you think, be finished in five years?" "In five years, sir, the bridge will be finished, or the money will give out."

“Sad accident, sir, on the new narrow-gauge road yesterday.” “Ah! what was that?” “One man killed, and another had his leg cut off, and was taken to the hospital.” I could not consider this an auspicious opening of our new road, but was somewhat consoled by his adding that the men were employed on the track; that the engineer, coming suddenly on them, blew the whistle, and that the poor fellows, confused, jumped directly under the locomotive instead of off the track. I was glad our festivity was postponed.

I had a pleasant drive standing by his side and looking at the busy street till we reached the ferry. He pointed to the boat, and I gave him a little money, at which, for the first time, he looked surprised but rather pleased, thanked me, and put it in his pocket.

I joined the crowd, after leaving the car, with my dog, gun-case, carpet-bag, and umbrella. As I went up to pay my fare at the window the toll-keeper, a very nice-looking man, looked rather curiously at me. I asked how much. He looked still more surprised, and said two cents. I opened half a handful of coppers, and he took two cents, saying, “This is *Grand Street* ferry.” “I know it,” I said, passing into the cabin, the side of which was nearly filled with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who regarded my dog with great admiration. I began to suspect I was in

the wrong place, left the dog with the baggage and went forward on the open deck. After seeing the fine river and moving craft, I looked up and saw "Ladies' Cabin" over the door. I went in, took my dog, gun-case, carpet-bag, and umbrella, and moved to the other cabin. After depositing these, I asked the deck-hand if he knew where the Everett House was. He did not. "Is there any one on board who does?" "I think not; but perhaps one of those gentlemen can tell you," pointing inside the cabin. I looked in, selected the man with the best looking hat, and asked the question. He was a German, and had heard of the house, but did not know where it was. He thought his friend at his side, also a German, did. His friend said, "Yes, at the corner of Union Square and Broadway." "How shall I get there?" "Take the *green* car on the other side." I could not help thinking that the color suited me exactly. These gentlemen were not satisfied with merely giving me a direction, but, when the boat stopped on the other side, insisted on going with me to the car. The driver was absent at the moment, and I got to the front seat with my dog, carpet-bag, gun-case, and umbrella. Presently the driver appeared, an Irishman, who looked somewhat astonished and rather sulky, for which I could hardly blame him. The passage was more narrow than in the first car, and the poor man,

like the dove, which at that instant in other respects he did not at all resemble, had hardly rest for the sole of his foot. I said, "I am a stranger in New York, and was told to get up here." At this his expression changed to a milder aspect, and he immediately helped to stow my dog, gun-case, and carpet-bag under the seat. By this time the conductor appeared, who, after looking at the object before him, frowned awfully. Now this man, besides having, in polite language, an "obliquity of vision," or, in common parlance, squinting as if heaven and earth were coming together, presented to one in my situation rather a formidable appearance. Owing, however, to accidental circumstances, I had long got over the common prejudice on this subject, and at once discounted the squint. He said, "Do you expect to carry all this for five cents?" I repeated what I had said to the driver, and added, "I will pay whatever is right." He said, "I want fifteen cents." "All right," said I; "here is your money." He took it and disappeared.

By this time the driver's face had considerably brightened, and he was quite ready for conversation. I found he had been two or three years in New York, and, like his predecessor, was, on the whole, not favorably impressed with things in general. "Every man here, sir, crowds every other man. The whole object is money, and nowadays they are terribly hard

on dogs. The city government does not employ the police, but hires a set of men, and each man receives thirty-three cents for every dog he shoots. Every dog without a collar, chain, and muzzle is instantly shot, and they even follow a man into his own house, without a warrant, and shoot his dog, if all these requisitions are not complied with." I said: "This is called a free country, but the Emperor of Russia would not dare to do such a thing." He said he had known several instances. I then thought, as I afterward found, that this was an exaggeration. I inquired if there was any danger in my taking my dog from his car into the Everett House; he said no. As we passed two butcher's cellars two large dogs, muzzled but not chained, were playing together on the sidewalk. On my remarking this, he said, "*Those* dogs are safe." He took pains to point out every object of interest as we passed. At last we drew up, and I gave him a fee, for which he seemed very thankful; and accordingly took my dog, carpet-bag, gun-case, and umbrella, and, as the newspapers now put it, the scene suddenly changed, and I entered the Everett House.

NOTE.—Thus far the "Advertiser," the editor of which, to my surprise, had expressed a favorable opinion of my letters, as he called them. I was surprised, because, well knowing the grave and dignified character of that journal, I should not have thought such light stuff suitable for its columns.

A SUMMER DAY IN NEW YORK.

[FROM THE "EVENING GAZETTE."]

I STEPPED suddenly into a splendid hall with a marble floor. I walked up to the counter, and placed my dog, carpet-bag, and gun-case on the floor. Two well-dressed men stood behind,—the superintendent and clerk, I suppose; but they showed no emotion, but seemed to receive me as a matter of course. I gave my name, and inquired for ———. Mr. Weaver, who at that moment came in, said he often came there, but was not there at present. I was somewhat taken aback, and referred to my telegram. They wished to see the answer I had received, but I had torn it up, after reading it. They showed me mine from their files, and concluded that the unimportant word "not" was accidentally omitted. The operator, I am sorry to say, was a young lady.

After giving my dog to the porter, I inquired for the earliest train for Boston. They said by New Haven and the Albany road, at three. It was then nearly one o'clock, and I said I would dine at half-past one.

They asked me to walk up one flight, to the dining-room, and choose my dinner. I went up, entered a superb room, and saw a man at a desk, and a few waiters moving about. One of them, a Frenchman who spoke with a pure accent, presented the carte, and I selected veal cutlets breaded, a Julienne soup, pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel, peas, and for dessert raspberries and cream; also, half a bottle of claret to drink with water. I then went downstairs, and asked if there was anything to see in half an hour. They rather thought not; but I asked if there were not some statues in the park opposite. They said there were, — the statues of Washington, Lafayette, and Lincoln. I went out to have an interview with these gentlemen. The equestrian statue is in some respects fine, the face and air of Washington noble, and not, I think, over-stated, and his seat easy and sure. But the horse is a heavy-stepper, not to compare in light and airy movement with our friend Ball's; he seems less thoroughbred. Lafayette I should think a good likeness of him as a young man, and it reminded me strongly of him as I saw him in — I think — 1824, at Mr. Lloyd's house, at the corner of Beacon and Park streets. The retreating forehead is very marked, and, though undoubtedly a gallant man, he could hardly be called a great general. I thought the action rather overdrawn, though allow-

ance must be made for the dramatic character of a Frenchman. On the whole, it well expressed this generous, brave, but rather weak man. Lincoln I liked for its simple, frank homeliness, true, strong, and unselfish. The clerk also spoke of the statue of Seward, which, he said, gave the impression of a large man. I said, as I remembered him, he was small, or under the medium size ; but, as he probably would not return to contradict it, it was of no great consequence. To which he assented. This I saw afterwards in City Hall Park, and thought it good.

It was now half-past one, and I returned to dinner. As I entered, the same waiter approached, and quietly showed me my table. The only other guest in this grand room was a lady at a table near me. Though the comparison may seem absurd, in the calm and noiseless tread of the servants, the perfect appointments and the fine proportions of the house, I at once thought of Mr. Ticknor's admirable description of Prince Metternich's palace. This I probably felt more strongly from the absolute stillness which prevailed, owing to the season of the year, when few people who can get away remain in New York. The dinner was excellent in every respect. The last time I was in New York, twenty years before, I stayed at Delmonico's two or three days, on my way to and from Charleston. The cooking was not exceeded at

that justly famous restaurant. The charge, \$2, was very moderate. At half-past two a carriage was called, and I went to the dépôt. The driver was very civil; he carried my luggage to the baggage-room; I paid him; he bowed, and departed. There was a great rush of people bound for their summer homes to pass Sunday. I asked the station-master for checks. He said I must first get a ticket. I went to the office, got my ticket, and returned. He looked at it, and said: "This is the wrong ticket; this train does not start till nine to-night, and you will have to hurry to change it." I said, in vexation, "Everybody seems to give me a wrong direction." The man, who, I think, was German, said, "I have not given you a wrong direction." I replied, "Well, every one, then, but *you*." Upon which a gentleman who was busily writing behind a desk, and whose face was familiar, looked up, bowed, and smiled. It was hot, no porter to be had, and I was determined *not* to hurry, come what might. I resolved to take the evening train, and told the man to check my baggage.

I then took my dog and walked out of the crowd to the other side of the street. I recollected a gentleman I well knew, and who had often urged me to call on him if I came to New York, and I knew that he was generally at his office till four or five o'clock. I stepped into a very fine and spacious shop opposite

the dépôt, calling itself an Italian grocer's, and asked for a directory. This was immediately handed me. I took my address, and was about leaving, when, seeing a profusion of what looked like fine cigars, I asked for two mild ones, for about ten cents each. There was a perfect stream of comers and goers, apparently gentlemen just leaving the city, and taking cigars for themselves and groceries for their families. Four were handed to me to choose from, and in an instant the man was called away. I selected two. Another man came up, and I asked how much. He said, "Twenty or twenty-five cents." I told him what I had asked for. He said, "Twenty will do," apparently quite indifferent, if he could only attend another customer. I thought this characteristic of New York; I never saw such a thing in Boston. I went out, and asked the ever-present policeman if I could take a horse-car to Wall Street. He said: "No car goes within half a mile of Wall Street; you had better take a stage." "A what?" said I. "A stage," said he, pointing to what we should call an omnibus. "But my dog?" said I. "Oh, that makes no difference; take him in, you will have no trouble." I stepped in to the further end with my dog, who laid down very comfortably. The only other passengers were two very respectable looking young persons, apparently brother and sister. After a while I found myself

again opposite the Everett House. We went on, as it seemed to me, for fifteen or twenty minutes, and again, to my consternation, I found myself opposite the Everett House. I now felt somewhat in the position of the gentleman who was so puzzled at Browning's poetry, and began to suspect something wrong, but could not at once decide whether it was in myself or something outside. I asked my fellow passengers if we were going to Wall Street. They said, "Oh, yes; we are going there, and will let you know when we arrive." After this we went on for what seemed to me about three miles. The lady said, "This is Wall Street," and I followed them out. I looked around and soon saw the sign of Mr. G.'s place of business; crossed the street, put my hand on the door, but found it locked, and the place deserted. I then recollected it was Saturday afternoon, and it was no doubt closed earlier than usual on that account.

On reflection I saw nothing to do but to go back; and seeing a similar "stage" about to depart, went in, and found myself alone. A lady and her daughter soon joined me, and again my dog absorbed their attention. One or two others only after got in. The same inexplicable circuit took place as before. After reaching Union Square, and at about 5 o'clock, I again found myself at the Vanderbilt Dépôt. I went in, seated myself at the end of the settee, and began to

read a novel of William Black's, which I had bought at the Everett House. Some time passed ; it began to grow dark, and on looking up I saw inside a recess to the left a most benevolent face, which strongly reminded me of Spurzheim, one of the founders of phrenology, whom I heard lecture at the Medical College in Mason Street many years ago, only a week or two before he died of typhoid fever, then apparently in perfect health. Over this recess was inscribed, "Jacob Mendel, package and sleeping-car agent." I got up and asked him for a sleeping-car ticket. He asked if I would have a section, or a lower or upper berth. I should have liked a section, but feared I could not afford it, and selected an upper berth. He was so kind in his manner that I ventured to ask him if he would see that no one touched my dog, whom I had chained to the end of the settee, a few feet from him. He said, "Certainly." I asked if I could find the baggage-master for Boston, who would take charge of him, and he told me where to go. I then went round to the baggage-room, and was told that the master would be there at about eight o'clock. It was twilight, and the lamps were lighted. Finding my umbrella case very dilapidated, I thought I would buy a new one. It was a warm evening, and the proprietors were generally standing or sitting in front of their shops. From all I received great courtesy,

and they showed a desire and even eagerness to set me right. Almost all spoke with a foreign accent, — French, German, Irish, etc. Several gave as a reason for not knowing more of their neighbors that they had been only a few weeks in the place. I felt that in some sense they were wanderers like myself.

Miserus disco succurrere miseris (Virgil altered). In one instance, I asked of a young man and woman — evidently brother and sister, both quite good looking, with black eyes and hair, oval faces and regular features, who were just outside of their shop door, and who, I thought, might be Poles — where I could find the article in question. They tried hard to give me exact directions, and suddenly turning to her brother the young woman said, “You go with him and show him.” This, of course, I would not permit, and, after thanking them, turned to go, when the girl said, “God bless you, sir! I hope you will find what you want.” I did not succeed, however, and after awhile went back to the dépôt and told my friend Jacob Mendel that it seemed strange that in so great a city I could not get what I could easily procure in Boston. “Ah,” said he, “in Boston you know just where to go;” to which I agreed, and told him I knew no people equal to Germans for reasoning out a case, — which seemed to please him.

At half-past eight the bell struck, and the train

was announced as made up, though it wanted half an hour to our departure. I passed two policemen, entered the car, went immediately to bed, and knew nothing till we stopped at the Newton station next morning. At a quarter-past six my manservant met me at the Albany station. He had gone to the Lowell road by mistake. I had no heart then to scold him, but was glad four or five days had intervened. He took charge of my baggage and I walked home with the dog; and, as I thankfully entered my own house, thought, as usual, of the long-suffering and much-quoted Ulysses. After breakfast I went over to the Club to see if anything of interest had happened in my absence. On my return, a handsome, well-dressed man came up, and smiling said, "Did you get your dog all right, sir?" I suppose I looked surprised, for he drew from his pocket the card I had given him in New York the night before, and I recognized the stern baggage-master. It was the difference of the \$2, *in esse* and *in posse*, and his Sunday suit.

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